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Puck



J. NORMAN LYND.

"DOWN WITH THE BOSSES!"



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Cartoons and Comments

TO BOLT OR NOT TO BOLT. IF ROOSEVELT bolts at Chicago this week, the party with which he allies himself may well be christened the Surprise Party. Roosevelt has threatened to bolt on many occasions, but when the time for the show-down came, he has invariably been found with the regulars. When he was President, and grim battles with lots of noise and shouting took place between him and the Republican regulars in House and Senate, Roosevelt was the most pugnacious of insurgents. The Republicans had to pass such laws as he wanted, or take the bitter consequences. Party ties meant nothing; if the Standpatters would n't give him what he wanted, an alliance between friendly Democrats and docile Republicans would. The Big Stick whirled through the air incessantly and the teeth came together with a snap. Then, when it seemed all over but the shouting and the groans and lamentations of the Standpatters, it was found that Roosevelt had conferred at the last moment with the Regulars, and agreed to take what he could get by a straight party vote, rather than force the issue and get all he wanted with Democratic aid, but at the expense of Republican harmony. Senators Tillman and Bailey will recall instances of this sort, we are quite sure. There is but one way in which Roosevelt may consistently bolt at Chicago, if Taft is renominated, and that is by following up in practice his preaching on the primary stump. There he declared that "we are the Republican Party." If that be so, it is quite obvious that should organization Republicans, by steam-roller methods, succeed in putting over the nomination of Taft, they are the bolters, and not Roosevelt. They have been duly warned. A good Republican is a Roosevelt man. Anyone who is not for Roosevelt is not a Republican.

WHAT is the Hon. Robert M. La Follette going to do with the votes that have been pledged to him? Battle Bob has plugged along gamely, running with all the

dogged persistency of a sprinter who is ten lengths behind the field in a hundred-yard dash, but who is set on crossing the finish line. He stated in the beginning that he would stick to the last, and he has. He cannot win the nomination himself, but his delegates might come in very handy as a lining for other folks' nests. Gossip has it that the Roosevelt forces have already discovered their life-long affection for La Follette, but that the Senator from Wisconsin cannot see them at all. If the La Follette delegates are thrown to Theodore, it will be

a sign that Battle Bob has a forgiving disposition. If they are thrown to Taft, we suspect that the throwing will be done over La Follette's dead body. It is possible that the gentleman with the pugnacious pompadour will stand fairly well in the spotlight before the proceedings at Chicago are over.

CERTAIN oracles in the party of Jefferson have recently expressed themselves as of the opinion that no matter whom the Republicans nominate this year, the Democrats "can't lose." This comfortable and complacent view of the situation seems to be taken by quite a few of the Democrats who give interviews to the newspapers. They fairly bubble over with confidence and good cheer, and no wonder! The Democratic Party can't lose! It is important news, if true, but with no national victories to its credit since 1892, the Democratic Party had better be meek if it would inherit the White House. Maybe it can't lose this year, but experience teaches that the Democratic Party never knows what it can do till it tries.



IT SOUNDED SO.

SUNDAY - SCHOOL TEACHER. - Willie, who was it said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life"? WILLIE (who reads the newspapers). - Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am.



WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?

Wheeler.



ONE OF THEM.

GUIDE (in Venice).—This is St. Mark's.
AMERICAN TOURIST (smilingly).—Ah! The
patron saint of the tourists, I presume?

THE WEDDING AFTERMATH.

THE hour from which there was no escape had come, and the bills for the wedding of Miss M. Ethelwynd DeShamm to Mr. R. Roderrick St. Clair were piled five inches high, with Mr. DeShamm, dark and lowering, on one side of the table, and Mrs. DeShamm, nervous and ready to wax tearful, on the other side. DeShamm's expression was unlike that he had worn while standing in the "receiving-line" during the wedding reception, and there was no trace of the gracious smiles that had illuminated the face of Mrs. DeShamm as she had stood beside her husband.

"All the bills there?" asked DeShamm frigidly as he sharpened his pencil.

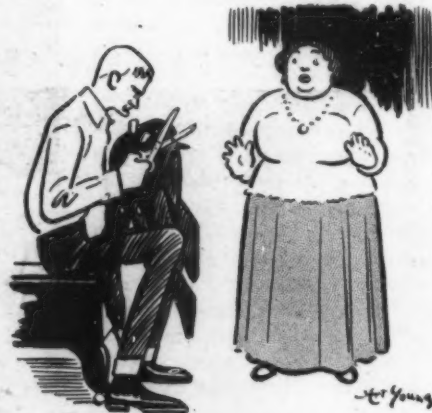
"All but perhaps five or six," said Mrs. DeShamm with an anxious note in her voice.

"Five or six? Good Lord! Do you mean to say that there are five or six more bills to add to that pile before me? Another wedding here, and there would be a red flag floating in front of the house and some auctioneer with a bull-of-Bashan-like voice would be yelling: 'Going! Going! Gone!' to such of our things as our creditors had n't grabbed up! What's this first bill? One hundred and thirty-three dollars for the wedding-gown? Jee-whizz! When we were married every rag you had did n't cost half of that and—what's that? Times have changed since then? Huh! What's this? The caterer's bill? Three hundred and sixty-nine dollars and eighty-three cents! I thought you said that the whole

mob could be fed for three hundred, and that you would try to cut it down to two hundred and seventy-five! There were gallons of ice-cream and frozen pudding that melted and ran to waste on the tables. They always have to allow some extra? Yes, so as to swell the bill. They kept piling stuff on the tables after nearly every one had gone home. Clear case of graft! What's this? One hundred dollars to the florist! You mean to tell me that the flowers at the church and those here in the house cost a hundred dollars? That florist had better get himself a kit of burglar's tools and go into the thieving business outright since he is in it under another name now! Some of his plants will be having their third crop of bloom before he gets the money for this bill! Another dressmaker's bill? One hundred and ten dollars for a linen suit and a traveling suit? She could have bought those suits ready made for a fourth of the money. I saw an elegant blue-serge suit a lot like Ethel's traveling suit in a window marked down to nine dollars and—what? The child could n't buy a wedding traveling suit ready made? It would n't have hurt 'the child' any to have done that! Her dad will have to wear hand-me-downs for the next ten years to help pay for these bills. Eighty-nine dollars for three hats! More barefaced graft! Here's a bill a yard long from Smith and Brown's. What's this for? It's for 'little things' the 'dear child' had to have? Don't let me see it to-day, because the doctor told me several times of late that I must n't put an extra strain on my heart! Twenty dollars for a fool canopy from the door to the street on a perfectly clear moonlight night! A bill for

two more gowns! Another milliner's bill! A bill for nine pairs of shoes! Ninety-five dollars for two evening wraps! Sixty-five dollars for your gown! By George! If I had another daughter to marry I would give her five thousand dollars to elope with and then clear a thousand by not having a 'simple home wedding' such as you told the society-paper reporters we had for Ethel. I got to mix me a cocktail to brace me up before I tackle any more of these 'simple home-wedding' bills, by George!"

Max Merryman.



A SHOCK ABSORBER.

MRS. WILLIS.—Why, John, what do you mean? You are deliberately cutting holes in your dress-suit!

MR. WILLIS.—I know it. Now when any of the boys borrow it, I won't feel so bad about the condition it's in when it comes back.

It is an open question whether a man's ingenuity does more to get him into trouble than to get him out of it.



What's What in Washington.



ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE IN THE TOWN BY THE POTOMAC.

REPRESENTATIVE RALPH W. MOSS of the Fifth Indiana District, Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture, did n't know until a short time ago what a kiosk was. "When word got out that my committee was going to probe the Weather Bureau," explained Mr.

Moss, "I got a good many letters telling me to keep my eye open for the kiosks. Some of the letters said that these kiosks were tucked away in remote parts of the country and were of no good to any one. I don't mind admitting that about that time I did n't know whether a kiosk was an animal or the name of a newfangled plant that Burbank or some other fellow had developed. One day a stranger sent me a postal-card with the picture of a kiosk on it, and then, of course, I found out what it was. It may be that when my committee gets through looking into the workings of the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Chemistry, and finally winds up its Florida Everglade investigation, we will take up the Weather Bureau and learn its inner workings. If we do, the chances are we will make things so hot that the Government thermometers in these kiosks will burst."

It is seldom that anything gets by Senator Heyburn of Idaho. As a chief objector and watch-dog of the Treasury he is a class all by himself. Admirers and faultfinders in and out of Congress admit that Mr. Heyburn has a wonderful fund of information to draw on. Accurate figures and pertinent facts bearing upon almost any subject brought up for consideration in the Senate are at his tongue's tip.

In the Senate he is feared and criticised often as an old fogey, but outside of the legislative halls he is regarded by those who know him as a pleasant, affable, and interesting gentleman whose poise never rubs one the wrong way.

The other day Senator Heyburn and Senator Joe Bailey of Texas, of opposite political faiths, 't is true, were lunching together in the café on the Senate side of the Capitol. When they had appeased their appetites and had reached the finger-bowl stage, Mr. Bailey inserted his thumb and index-finger into the lower right-hand pocket of his waistcoat and drew therefrom a crisp five-dollar bill. With the other hand he beckoned to an ebony-hued waiter.

"Here, Senator, this won't do. You are dining with me to-day. Please let me pay this time," said Senator Heyburn earnestly, looking at his friend over his spectacles in characteristic fashion. "No, this is my treat," chimed the Texas solon. "I insist on paying for our luncheon. Please let me offer one bill without an objection from you."

SENATOR MARCUS AURELIUS SMITH of Arizona is the only Senator who is addicted to the cigarette habit. More than that, Senator Marcus Aurelius Smith is the only member of the Sixty-second Congress who can roll a cigarette with one hand. He carries the "makin'" around with him all the time, and takes great pride in his ability to wrap up a pinch of tobacco in a piece of rice-paper so neatly with his good right hand that at first glance it resembles a "tailor-made."

"I have smoked cigarettes for thirty years, and

if they have hurt my health I am not aware of it," said Mr. Smith. "I learned the art of rolling a cigarette with one hand while I was punching cattle in Arizona. A cowboy taught me how, and after I took a few lessons from him I became so adept that I could wind up a cigarette with one hand while galloping along on my pony. It's a good trick, and dead easy, once you know how to do it."

"A CONSTITUENT of mine who lives in Brooklyn fell heir to a bunch of money a short time ago," said Representative Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. "He had been in hard lines for a good many years, and so the money came in just right. He called at my office one day and told me of his good fortune. He said that the first thing he intended to do was to pay off his debts and then buy a little home in Flatbush."

"But before I do that," he confided, "I am going to buy my wife some good clothes and then I am going to fit myself out with new togs from head to foot. I am going to begin life all over again."

"Well, I congratulated him on his good fortune and told him that I thought his plans were commendable. 'Now that you are well fixed, and you intend to turn over a new leaf, why don't you renounce your high-tariff political views and join our great party that was founded by Thomas Jefferson?' 'No, I won't do that,' he said. 'Anything but that. You see, I promised my father before he died that if ever I got hold of any wealth I would never make a d—d fool of myself.'"

REVISED.

THERE was a man in our town
And he was wond'rous wise.
He made a run for President
And used up all his I's.

And when he found he'd used them all,
With all his might and main,
He ran for President once more
And used them all again.

WHEN we see how anxious some people are to hold up their heads, it seems fortunate for them that their heads are light.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!



MARTIN LUTHER ROOSEVELT REPULSES THE DEVIL.
(From PUCK, April 17, 1907.)

DEBS.

AGAIN Eugene V. Debs of Terre Haute, Ind., has been nominated by the Socialist Party as candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Lest any simple, fearful folk should sell their property and move out of the country at this announcement, the following dogmatic and reassuring statement may be made: **DEBS WON'T BE ELECTED!** Not even Debs believes that Debs will be elected. Only those Socialists of a romantic type think anything of the kind possible. The Socialists, or most of them, will vote for Debs. So will some men, of weak stomachs, from the other parties. But the "average man" won't vote for Debs. He won't like his name, for one thing. And he won't like the word "socialist" which is tagged to 'Gene. It's a word like "misogynist." We would n't want to be called a "misogynist." It might be all right; and then again it might be a cuss-word. But there are a lot of people, Big People, People of Big Business, who have been working tooth and nail for Debs in the last few years. They don't know it. Their range of sight is scarcely equal to that of a myopic bat in daytime. They'd cheerfully deposit their ballot for the Devil, rather than for Debs, on election day. But they've been plugging for this Debs person as hard as they could all the time.

Among these Debs workers may be named: All engaged in the preparation and sale of adulterated foods; all such as have clouted the parcel-post bill and other decent legislation; all Government leeches, jackals, and parasites; suborned pleaders for privilege and the mercenaries of bench, bar, and pulpit; philanthropists with other people's money; enjoyers of unearned increment; political minstrels and saltimbanks; promoters of swindles and periodicals which advertise them;—the list is long, space is small, and a person with imagination can run on merrily from this point. These worthies are the original Debs men. If they don't succeed in electing him it won't be because they have n't tried.



It is a wise provision of Nature that as a woman grows older she is more and more able to keep a secret.



Rialto
Roundelays.



FELL in love with the Ingenue,
For she was the daintiest, sweetest girl;
Her hair was gold and her eyes were blue
And her teeth were white as the well-known pearl.
She played the part of a maid snow-white,
An innocent little country kid,
And I wept as I thought of her bitter plight,
And I'm not ashamed to admit I did.

I fell in love with the Ingenue
So fair and tender, so young and shy,
And her voice just thrilled me through and through,
And I followed her scenes with an eager eye.
And I thought: "If only we two could meet,"
When a friend said: "Meet her? Why, sure you can,
I'll take you up to her hotel suite,
It's the easiest thing in the world, old man!"

I fell in love with the Ingenue,
As shy and quaint as a violet,
I found her having a drink or two
And puffing like sin on a cigarette.
She looked her age—which was 42,—
And her son is older than I, I'll bet!
I lost my love for the Ingenue,
But her daughter's a peach—and I'll win her yet!

Berton Braley.

WHISKERS—CLASS OF '84.

HERE was beheld in the Ulster County Court, New York, recently, John B. Crispell of Old Hurley, summoned as juror. In 1884 Mr. Crispell made an election bet that Blaine would defeat Cleveland for the Presidency. He agreed never again to cut his beard or hair if his favorite ran other than first. His face is now covered with a hirsute mat, and his hair hangs to his shoulders. Blaine is dead. Cleveland is dead. Perhaps the man who won the bet is dead, too. But the bet lives on.

Asinine as the wager seems from one aspect, yet something is due to Mr. Crispell as a man who did not flinch, hit the line hard, and devoted the rest of his penitent life, after the Plumed Knight fell, to the cultivation of whiskers and hair. Most bettors would have let the beard get a little ragged, and the hair fuzzy around the neck, and then sneaked for the nearest barber with the explanation: "I was only joking, anyway. Shave down the sides, Bill." Some men, in such defeated circumstance, would have explained that they were thinking of a *majority*, not a mere *plurality*, all the time, and consequently void the bet. Many

would have lied: said they never bet anything of the kind. But Crispell stuck. He took his medicine like a man. His whiskers are the badge of the worth of his parole.

There is a certain man, a famous warrior and hunter, going up and down and among men, who, if he had made the bet, could have settled it very easily, with no increase of whiskers. His method would have been something like this: "I never made any such wager. You have deliberately falsified my words. Those who say I made any such bet are hand-and-glove with the reactionaries. You are endeavoring to stifle the breath of freedom with a gag of whiskers. There is just one man in the country fitted to rescue the land from an epidemic of Whiskerites. I am the man! I! I! I! . . ."

Freeman Tilden.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—What's the advantage of a kitchenette apartment?
MRS. CRABSHAW.—Your husband can't come out in it when you're cooking.



A TERRIFIC CONFLICT.

CALLER.—By the way your husband is carrying on in the next room he must be rehearsing one of his heaviest rôles?

ACTOR'S WIFE.—Dear, no! He is having a frightful mental struggle. He wants to have the baby's pictures taken, and if we do some of his own will have to come down.



HIS name may be D. G. Reid, or C. M. Schwab, or anything else—as long as he is home, in touch with the situation, nobody wants to know what he thinks. But let him go abroad and spend two or three months roaming Europe in an automobile, and when he comes back his views on the "situation" will be a front-page story every time.

The reporters who go down the Bay to meet him generally find him in a cheerful mood. Yes, he is glad to get back—very glad. His health has greatly improved; he feels fit for work. "Conditions" in Europe are very satisfactory. There is the usual "political unrest," of course, but the "situation is sound"—whatever that may be—and there is a "good deal of interest in American securities." The outlook for business in this country is bright. No boom is to be expected, of course, but everything points to "continued gradual improvement." Finally, in a burst of confidence, he confides to the reporters that he is a "bull on the country." This is too much for them. They fall back awestruck at such wisdom, and the unburdened magnate stalks thoughtfully back to his stateroom.

The same reporters have been taking down the same line of stuff for years. The same editors have been fixing it up and putting big heads on it. The same public reads it every time with undiminished interest, and thinks it is getting something new.

WALL STREET has never thought much of the Western Pacific, the road which the Gould interests pushed westward across the desert from Salt Lake City to San Francisco at the time the "ocean-to-ocean" pipe-dream was still vivid.

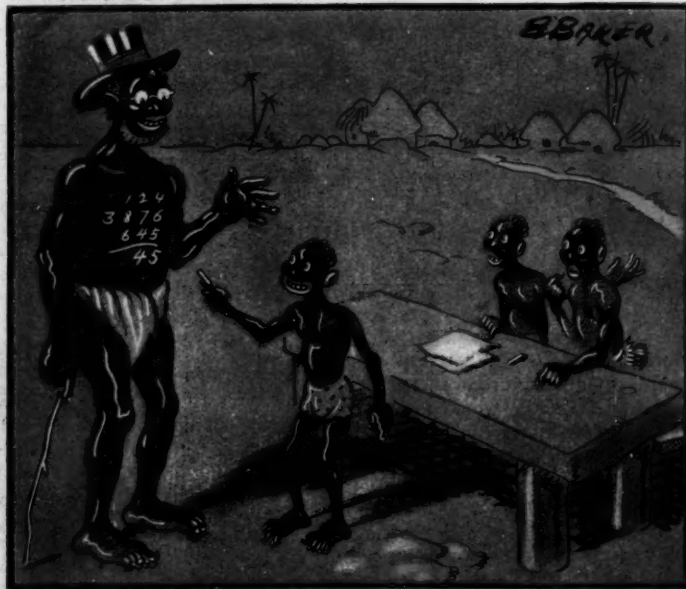
Not long ago one of the bankers who helped in the financing, and has been sorry ever since, returned from an inspection of the property. "How did you find things?" he was asked. "How did I find things? Well, I can tell you that in a very few words. Sand, and then more sand, and salt, and the presence of God—and mighty little of the latter."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, who made a tidy little sum out of a business usually regarded as being pretty well "protected," says that he doesn't believe a high tariff is right at all.

Bernard M. Baruch, than whom, as a speculator, nobody is than-whom-er, gets up from the table with ten or fifteen million dollars' worth of chips and the statement that he is n't sure that speculation is quite the thing after all.

Is n't it about time for Mr. Ryan or Mr. Widener to come out with the statement that traction company reorganizations are not all they're cracked up to be; or for Johndee to favor us with the opinion that conditions in the oil business leave much to be desired?

Franklin.



SCHOOL CLOSING IN AFRICA.

THE GRADUATING CLASS IS EXAMINED IN ARITHMETIC.

THE PEERLESS PITCHER'S DREAM.

THE dust of battle cleared away,
The game was left behind,
Surrounded by his worshipers
The Peerless Pitcher dined.
He ate of fish, he ate of fowl,
With meat he filled his frame,
And, while they heaped his platter full,
He told them of the game.

Course followed course, and still he ate,
The while he charmed their ears
With talk of curve and fadeaway,—
The music of the spheres.
Until, at last, the hour grew late,
Upstairs the players streamed,
And, hieing to his downy couch,
The Peerless Pitcher dreamed.

He dreamed that he was pitching
For his own great Podunk Nine;
The rooters filled the bleacher seats,
And crowded to the line;
And, sitting in a Grand

Stand
box,

Proud faith
within her eye,
His lady love was smiling
And he vowed to do or die.

At ease, the Peerless Pitcher
grinned,
His mind was free from
doubt;

A dozen times his sturdy arm
Had put this team to rout.
But suddenly his grin relaxed,
Misgiving filled his eyes;
For while he gazed upon the plate
It shrunk to half its size.

Now "Batter up!" the umpire called;
And, strolling to the plate,
The Peerless Pitcher then beheld
Old Tyrus Cobb, the Great.
And in Cobb's lean and brawny hand
The Peerless Pitcher spied
A mighty bat, some three yards long
And more than two yards wide.

The Peerless Pitcher shook in fear,
But pitched with all his might—
A swing, a crash, and o'er the fence
The baseball took its flight.
And then in quick succession came
Hans Wagner, Collins, Chase,
And screaming by, now low, now high,
The driven balls would race.

The fielders climbed upon the fence;
But what could fielders do
With Donlin, Crawford, and Lajoie,
And "Home Run" Baker, too?
And, from the wild and sobbing stands,
The Peerless heard them shout:
"Hey!" "Get a pitcher!" "Can the
chump!"
And "Take that rummy out!"

But still he pitched, and still they hit,
Until the sun sank low,
Till, tossing in his anguished sleep,
The Peerless stubbed his toe.
And, waking, he sat up in bed
And cried with joy extreme:
"Thank God, I'm only pitching for
A one-horse bush-league team!"

Stanley Quinn.

Country life is especially fortunate in owing its reputation so largely to those who have never tried it.

The Judgement of St. Peter

IT was eventide in Heaven. The last rays of the setting sun sparkled on the golden pavements and shimmered from the pearly pinnacles of the celestial mansions. St. Peter nodded at the gate, his keys dangling idly at his side. Far down the winding road that led from the underworld two mortals were approaching. Panting and perspiring, the larger of the pair was trying to escape from the other, who was pursuing him, brandishing a club and yelling for him to stop.

Shocked at this unseemly behavior at the very gates of Paradise, St. Peter rose and glared at the approaching travelers.

"What's all this noise about?" asked St. Peter. The larger man opened his mouth to answer.

"We——" he said; but his companion clapped a hand over his mouth and menaced him with his club.

"I don't want him tagging along!" said the smaller man. "He isn't fit company for me. I don't want my chances of heavenly bliss beaten to a frazzle by his presence."

"What's the matter with him?" asked St. Peter.

"Matter enough!" said the smaller man. "I understand that there is n't any too much room in Heaven as it is, and I don't propose to let him crowd me out."

St. Peter stroked his beard. "You're right about that," he said. "As a matter of fact there's room for only one more."

"I thought so," said the smaller man. "Shall I leave my club outside?"

"Just a moment," said St. Peter. "Your friend——"

"He's no friend of mine!" said the smaller man.

"Your companion," St. Peter amended, "looks like an honest citizen, and unless you can show me that I ought to give you first choice, I think I'll let him in."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the smaller man.

"No," said St. Peter. "Who are you?"

"I am the shade of Teddy Roosevelt," was the reply.

"And you?" inquired St. Peter, nodding at the other.

"I'm only William Taft," said he.

"I hope you're satisfied," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "Now let me in."

"Why?" asked St. Peter.

"Why?" exclaimed the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "Don't you read the papers?"

"No," said St. Peter. "This is Heaven."

"Well, if that's the case," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt, "I suppose I'll be obliged to take a few minutes to explain the situation. Now, if you were only a cowboy or a Rough Rider, instead of standing there asking me questions you'd have all the brass bands in Heaven out to welcome me."

"You see, saint, while I don't like to talk about myself, I'm the best man that ever lived. I'm the wisest, the most honest, the most patriotic and unselfish. All good people

love me, and those that don't love me are too wicked to talk about in a place like this. Now, it occurred to me that all the noble, upright, virtuous, and God-fearing classes that hail me as their leader ought to be represented in Heaven, and that's the reason I'm here."

"I see," said St. Peter. "And your companion?"

"This person?" asked the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "Oh, he used to be a friend of mine, too, I'm sorry to say, but that was before he fell from grace. At the present moment he's full of sin and ambition."

"I'm half inclined to let him in, just the same," said St. Peter. "I like his face."

"That's where you're wrong," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "If you let him into Heaven you're letting the bosses into Heaven, and you surely don't want that to happen, do you?"



"If you let him into Heaven, you're letting the bosses into Heaven."

"The bosses?" asked St. Peter. "Who are they?"

"You certainly are ignorant," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt, "but I'll explain: The bosses correspond, in an earthly way, to the demons and devils which have caused you so much trouble on this side of the Styx."

"Indeed?" said St. Peter.

"Yes, saint," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt, "admission for Taft is admission for Lucifer; it is admission for Beelzebub; it is admission for Ananias; it is admission for each and every imp from the bottomless pit."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed St. Peter, as though impressed.

"Yes, saint," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt, "let him into Heaven, and in a week you won't be able to recognize the place."

"I suppose," said St. Peter, "that I could avoid this terrible contingency by inviting you in?"

"Now you're shouting, saint!" said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "You're beginning to grasp the situation. Personally it doesn't make any difference to me whether I get into Heaven or not. My personal interest is of no concern one way or the other, but at this moment it happens that I typify and embody the best interests of Heaven, which can only be

furthered by inviting me inside." St. Peter stroked his beard.

"I suppose," he said, "that you talked on earth the way you're talking now?"

"All the time!" said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt.

"And, of course, you treated this gentleman during your earthly sojourn precisely as you're treating him now?"

"Precisely," said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. St. Peter opened the gate.

"Mr. Taft," said St. Peter, "I feel that you've had about all of Hades that you need. You'll find a crown and a pair of wings in that ivory building to the left."

With a look of bewildered joy, the shade of William Taft sidled through the gate and disappeared in the direction of the ivory mansions.

"Now you've done it!" said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt, wrathfully. "Where do I come in?"

"You don't," said St. Peter. "You'd be wasted here. We have all the saints we can handle at present, and Heaven isn't in any immediate need of regeneration, anyway."

"This is a pretty kettle of fish!" said the shade of Teddy Roosevelt. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing," said St. Peter.

"Where shall I go?" asked the shade of Teddy Roosevelt.

"Take the road to your right," said St. Peter. "It leads to Hades. They are looking for a change of government down there, and you can probably make yourself useful." St. Peter smiled. "You'll find some of your theories mighty popular there, too."

"What theories?" inquired the shade.

"The recall, for instance," said St. Peter. "All the fallen angels are in favor of it."

"Look here——" expostulated the shade of Teddy Roosevelt.

"Sorry," said St. Peter, "but I've a dinner engagement with Noah."

Closing the gate, St. Peter double-bolted it and, unmindful of the torrent of words from the other side, went back to his desk.

The scented wind that blew from the heavenly gardens brought the dulcet strains of celestial harmonies. Birds of Paradise flitted through the evening air, and the drowsy flowers drooped with the shadows of the slowly sinking sun.

But St. Peter sat immersed in thought, nor stirred when the wings of a passing angel touched the apex of his crown. At last he roused himself and sighed.

"Poor Lucifer!" was all he said.

Stanley Quinn.





THE PUCK PRESS

SLEEPING BEAU

DOUGLAS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Which of you gentlemen s



SLEEPING BEAUTY.

of you gentlemen stands a better chance of waking her?

"Melodrammer" at the Thalia.



IF ONLY *Elsie*, the Beautiful Mission Worker, had thought twice before she let a Chinaman, wearing a top hat (1907 model), a Prince Albert, and a red necktie, and who laughed mockingly, join her mission class, she would n't have had to play the part of a corpse for the last two acts of "The Great Chinatown Trunk Mystery" down at the Thalia. Likewise there would n't have been any show. *Elsie's* mission class catered exclusively to the *bon ton* element of Doyers Street society, and *Chong Song*, to use *Elsie's* exact words, "never oughter been allowed to join." For *Elsie* was uplifting the Chinese. *Alice Gray*, *Elsie's* friend, did n't think well of *Elsie's* uplift, and with the help of *Nellie McCune*, a waif of the streets, and *Chinatown May*, who did n't want to "go to prison—oh, Gawd! oh, Gawd! anything but that!" together with the police force and the Fire Department, they started in saving *Elsie* from getting in Dutch with the villain. And *Elsie* needed their help, for no sooner had *Chong Song* joined the class of earnest workers than he began to laugh—oh, so mockingly—and wanted to buy *Elsie* diamonds and "joolry." *Chong Song* had n't been in the game five minutes before he started something. He chased *Elsie* till he caught her

and kissed her square on the mouth—so she could n't scream. And just then *Chinatown May* and little *Nellie McCune*, together with the police force and the Fire Department, happened along and *Elsie* was saved. That was only the end of the first act. The next act was in *Chong Song's* beautiful home in Mott Street, filled with priceless davenport and what-nots, and whose walls "would give forth no stifled cries." Some one asked *Elsie* to come down to Mott Street and sit up with a sick friend, and of course *Elsie*, being too polite to refuse, went. She was indeed surprised when she discovered *Chong Song* was the sick friend—the villain! This time neither *Chinatown May* nor *Nellie McCune* were around. And *Elsie* was stabbed and locked in a trunk despite the efforts of the police force and the Fire Department.

We haven't the room to tell you all that happened after that. *Elsie* seemed to keep pretty well in the trunk, and *Nellie McCune* married the police force, whose clothes were too big for him. *Chinatown May* and *Chong Song* murdered each other. They came down with the final curtain.

W. E. Hill.

STROPHE TO A STRAP.

THOU two-foot length of leather, soiled and worn,
That dangles to a tired commuter's clutch,
Ere thou from flank of Texas steer wast torn
Foresawest thou thy greatness? Nay, not much!
No humble sole nor upper 't is thy lot
To furnish; belt or strop or back of book
In set of Shakespere, Shaw, or Walter Scott:
Far higher flight thy proud ambition took.
Thou hast become the garnerer of gold,
Golconda-like, which that proud title lends
To thee, soiled strip of leather, worn and old,
So rightly named "The Source of Dividends."
I often say, when in a vesper car
The homeward throngs cave in my diaphragm,
All tightly squeezed as stewed blackberries are
Compressed to form the rich and luscious jam:
"Cuss not, vain man, nor on thy Maker call,
But grip thy strap and let thy nickel go—
Profits mean straps; straps, profits. That is all
Street railways know, and all they want to know."

Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

WHAT particularly pinches is the cost of living, on the salary you actually get, up to the salary which your wife wishes the neighbors to believe your services command.



MRS. LEARY'S COW.

CHICAGO IS IN FOR ANOTHER HOT TIME.

THE ACID TEST.

MRS. JUSTINA HERTLER, of Guttenberg, N. J., wanted to test her husband's love. Women who have at times wondered just how badly their mates would feel in case of their demise, or who have asked that hypothetical question, "If I should die, dear, would you marry again," etc., etc.,

will understand the thread of doubt that ran through Mrs. Hertler's mind. It was not that Mr. Hertler had been unkind; no. Not that Mr. Hertler had made declaration of any dying affection. Rather that Mr. Hertler, probably, had said nothing at all upon this important matter—and so the lady took determination to find out just where she stood.

One day, several years ago, she went to a near-by lake, disrobed, and put her clothing on a near-by rock, clothed herself in other garments, and struck across country to the nearest railroad station. When her clothes were discovered on the rock the sleuth-hounds of the Guttenberg police force celebrated. After some days of earnest cogitation, by reasoning analytic and synthetic, the police decided that Mrs. Hertler had drowned herself. Of course, the truth was that the woman was safely ensconced in a relative's house, reading about her



FORCE OF HABIT.

VOICE FROM CROWD.—Your opponent now says your accusations are true.
EXCITED CANDIDATE.—He lies!

suicide in the newspapers, and awaiting evidence that Mr. Hertler was stricken to the earth by the sense of his loss.

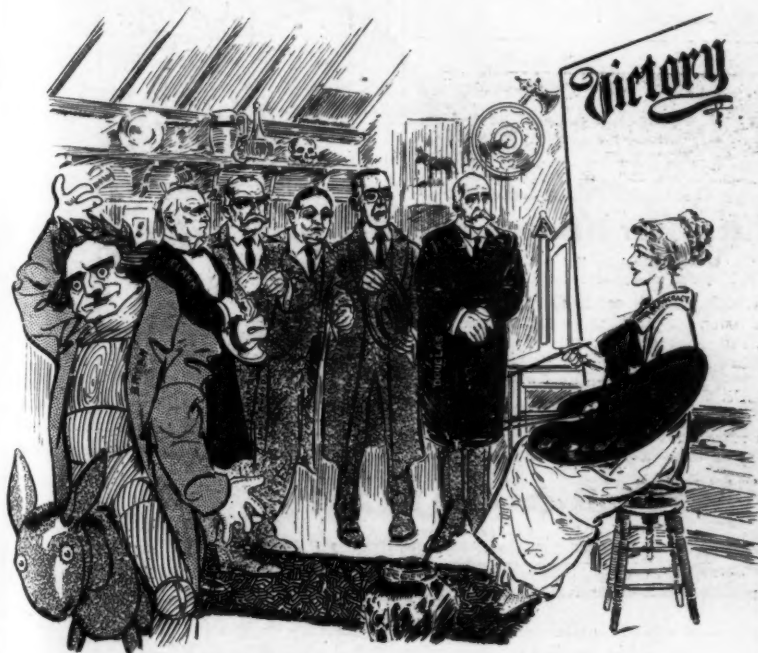
But if Life worked out in this expected wise, 'twould be a plumless pudding indeed. Mr. Hertler "mourned his wife," as they say, for thirty days, and then married an attractive young woman of the neighborhood; and the woman who had thus sown carpet-tacks upon her domestic speedway found herself a widow. Now comes the self-made widow into court, asking the annulment of her marriage as the only way out of her difficulty. She will be fortunate if she convinces the honorable court that she is still alive, since the damning testimony of the Guttenberg police, whose professional pride would allow no such admission on their part, lies badly against her. This fable teaches not to leave the old job until the new one is obtained and the contract signed up.

GRATIFYING.

NOTHING about the Fall was more gratifying to the Old Serpent than Adam's having, thereupon, to go to work.

"Here's where we get the Tired Business Man started!" chuckled the malign reptile, foreseeing the ultimate undoing of the ideals of art.

STILL waters run deep, and so they cut rather a sorry figure running for office. Waters which spread out and make a good deal of noise are much more apt to appeal to the popular imagination.



APPLICANTS FOR THE JOB.

THE FAIR YOUNG ARTIST.—I'm tired of drawing from a lay figure, so I thought I'd try a live model for a change.



Budweiser

The only Bottled Beer in constant demand
on Land and Sea, on all Buffet and Dining
Cars, at Hotels, Clubs, Cafes and Homes.

Bottled only at the Home Plant
in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



BLUSHING BRIDE.—What was that our friends stuck all over our suit-cases, dearest?

THE GROOM.—Honey love, that was a union label.—Chaparral.

"TAKES us some time to train a girl," remarked the head of the large department store.

"And then you lose a lot of girls through marriage?"

"Yes, but things even up. A lot of girls get tired of their husbands and come back to us."—Washington Herald.



YACHT CLUB French Sardines

MOST EASILY DIGESTED BITE

Packed in the best internal lubricant

PURE FRENCH OLIVE OIL

Just the right size to broil.

Nothing finer, if eaten simply as they come out of the tin.

Insist on getting Yacht Club Brand, and you will always have the best obtainable.

MEYER & LANGE, New York, Sole Agents

**Looks Good—
Tastes Good**



**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**
The Beer of Quality

THE waiter knows that he is serving a discriminating guest when ordered to bring Pabst "Blue Ribbon" Beer.

This is the beverage beyond compare, and is appropriate for all times and occasions. Wholesome and refreshing—a delight to the eye and the palate—the perfection of brewing.

Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.



Serve it to your family and guests.

Supplied by best dealers everywhere.
Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes.



MANHATTAN BEACH
"SWEEP BY OCEAN BREEZES"

SURF BATHING
New York's Most Popular and Fashionable Resort By-the-Sea.

Where the temperature seldom varies from 70°.
Within city limits; half hour by train; one hour by auto.

Unsurpassed Surf Bathing
Deep Sea Fishing
Celebrated Musical Concerts

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Excellent Garage and Parking Accommodations.

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Keep Your Matches Dry
in this light-weight, nickel-plated, waterproof **Match Box**
which we will send, together with a copy of this month's *National Sportsman*, on receipt of 25c. in stamps or coin.

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HOME COMFORTS WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

This famous hotel has been renovated, redecorated, refurnished, and many modern, up-to-date appointments have been installed, and can be compared favorably with any in the city. The only first-class hotel near all steamship lines. Within easy access of every point of interest. Half block from Wanamaker's. Five minutes' walk of Shopping District. NOTED FOR:—Excellence of cuisine, comfortable appointments, courteous service, and homelike surroundings.

The very best accommodations in the city at **\$1.00 per Day Up.**

7 minutes from Grand Central Depot. 10 minutes to Leading Stores and Theatres.

ST. DENIS HOTEL CO. Also Stanwix Hall Hotel, Albany, N. Y.

AN ABSOLUTE MINIMUM.

Capt. Joe Fowler, now dead, was a famous Southern steamboat man of the old days. One morning after he had reached the age of retirement he was sitting on the wharf of a Tennessee River town when a boat landed and a Northern woman came ashore, carrying in her arms the first Mexican hairless dog that Capt. Joe had ever seen. As the lady approached him he rose and made a low bow.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "but is this your dog?"
"It is," she said.
"Is that the only dog you've got?"
"It is."
"Madam," said Cap'n Joe, "ain't you mighty near out of dog?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A DRUGGIST'S LIFE.

"Can you not wait on me immediately?" demanded the richly-dressed woman. "I'm in a great hurry."
"Yes. Let me have your prescription," said the busy druggist.
"I have no prescription. I want you to look up a number for me in the telephone book."
—*Exchange.*

EXPLAINED.

"How did that story pan out about the man in the Bronx who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.
"Nothing in it," replied the reporter.
"He discovered that it was n't a hailstone after all. The ice-man left it there."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Are You Going Away

to have a real good time and build up a reserve stock of energy? One of the best helps to that end is a generous supply of good old

Evans' Ale

It will make you alert and responsive to every thrill and call of the joyous outing season and put you in touch with real holiday happiness such as you never experienced before.

Just the thing for camping, tramping, golfing, fishing, sailing, motoring or loading.

All Dealers or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

DACKEL AND THE LOVE-SICK BUTCHER.



Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE

All dealers. Collars, 25c; Cuffs, 50c. Right Made From
The Arlington Company
Established 1885. 126 Broadway, N.Y.



In the School Room Eyes are Irritated by Chalk Dust, and Eye Strain induced by Faulty Systems of Lighting. Apply Murine to School Children's Eyes to Restore Normal Conditions.

An a theatre, in House," "Grand C and show opera hou "You "Jones, th He i could hav too much thought it "Wal You gimm the 'Gran honor of h The a "TH "No considered

Every lover of but's Bitters be the very best. C.

"I WAS yesterday a wearing on "Well?" "I am a did it intent "Afraid that you w —Houston

Bar-Ka Met



Geo. W. Hoff

HENRY I PAPER 22, 24 and 26 West BRANCH WARREN ALL W

TWO DOLLARS TO THE GOOD.

An advance-agent was ahead of a small one-night-stand show. The theatre, in an Arkansas town of four thousand, was called "The Jones Opera House," but the agent, thinking it had no name, had his "dates" printed "Grand Opera House." The "dates" are the sheets that go on the billboards, and show what night the performance will be given. When the manager of the opera house saw the dates he was provoked.

"You've got to git 'em changed to 'Jones Opry House,'" he said. "Jones, that's my name; it's named after me."

He insisted, so the agent went to a local newspaper office to see what he could have the dates struck off for. He found it would cost \$8. That was too much. He went back and told the opera-house manager. The latter thought it over a while.

"Wal," he finally said, "that is a lot to pay. I'll tell you what to do. You gimme \$3 an' I'll git a painter to change the name of the operry-house to the 'Grand.' The painter will do it for a dollar an' I'll have \$2 for losin' the honor of havin' the house named for me."

The agent handed over the money.—*Indianapolis News.*

"Then the wedding was not altogether what you'd call a success?"

"No; the groom's mother cried louder than the bride's mother. It was considered very bad form."—*Courier-Journal.*

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

A Delicious and Refreshing Drink.
A Safeguard against Indigestion, Gout and Rheumatism.



III.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"I was out in the woods hunting yesterday and I shot a man who was wearing one of these fuzzy hats."

"Well?"

"I am afraid people may think I did it intentionally."

"Afraid? Why, man, if they think that you will get all the more credit."

—*Houston Post.*

Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

21 and 23 Blocker Street.
BRONX WAREHOUSE: 91 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

Miller
HIGH LIFE
BEER
THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLED BEER
BREWED BY MILLER AT MILWAUKEE

SOLID.

"Grace, that waitress gives you all the best portions every time."

"She is a college girl, earning some summer money."

"But why should that make you so strong?"

"Oh, we belong to the same sorority."—*Exchange.*

TOO TRUE.

GIBBS.—One gets no diplomas in the School of Experience.

DIBBS.—I don't know; the marriage certificate comes pretty near being one.—*Boston Transcript.*



**Bouvier
BUCHU
GIN**

BEST BEVERAGE
TONIC

A delightful DRINK; an excellent TONIC for the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

Ask for it anywhere
liquors are sold.

CANDOR.

BIBLE STUDENT (preaching his first sermon).—Yes, my friends, I am trying to follow the divine injunction to cast out the sick, heal the dead, and raise the devil.—*Columbia Jester.*

INEVITABLE.

"Old Skads lost every cent he had in the world yesterday."

"Gee! His heirs will be furious, I should think."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"How did he lose it?"

"He died."—*Houston Post.*



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

IS OF
MELLOW TONE AND
PERFECT QUALITY.
ITS UNIQUE AND
UNIFORM CHARACTER
DISTANCES
ALL COMPETITION

GUARANTEED UNDER
THE PURE FOOD LAW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

ADEQUATE AMMUNITION.

Finley Peter Dunne, creator of Mr. Dooley, was dining with a friend at a New York restaurant. Rice-birds were served. The tiny cadavers, picked and lean, were brought in upon large slices of toast.

"Poor little things!" said the host. "Seems a shame to kill 'em—don't it? How do you suppose they ever murder enough rice-birds to make a dish?"

Dunne turned over an infinitesimal specimen with his fork.

"I don't know," he said, "unless they use insect-powder!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"There is a great deal more refinement in athletics than there used to be."

"Yes," replied the sporting man. "But every now and then some pugilist breaks loose and talks about 'slugging over the ropes,' just like a political candidate."—*Washington Star.*



IV.

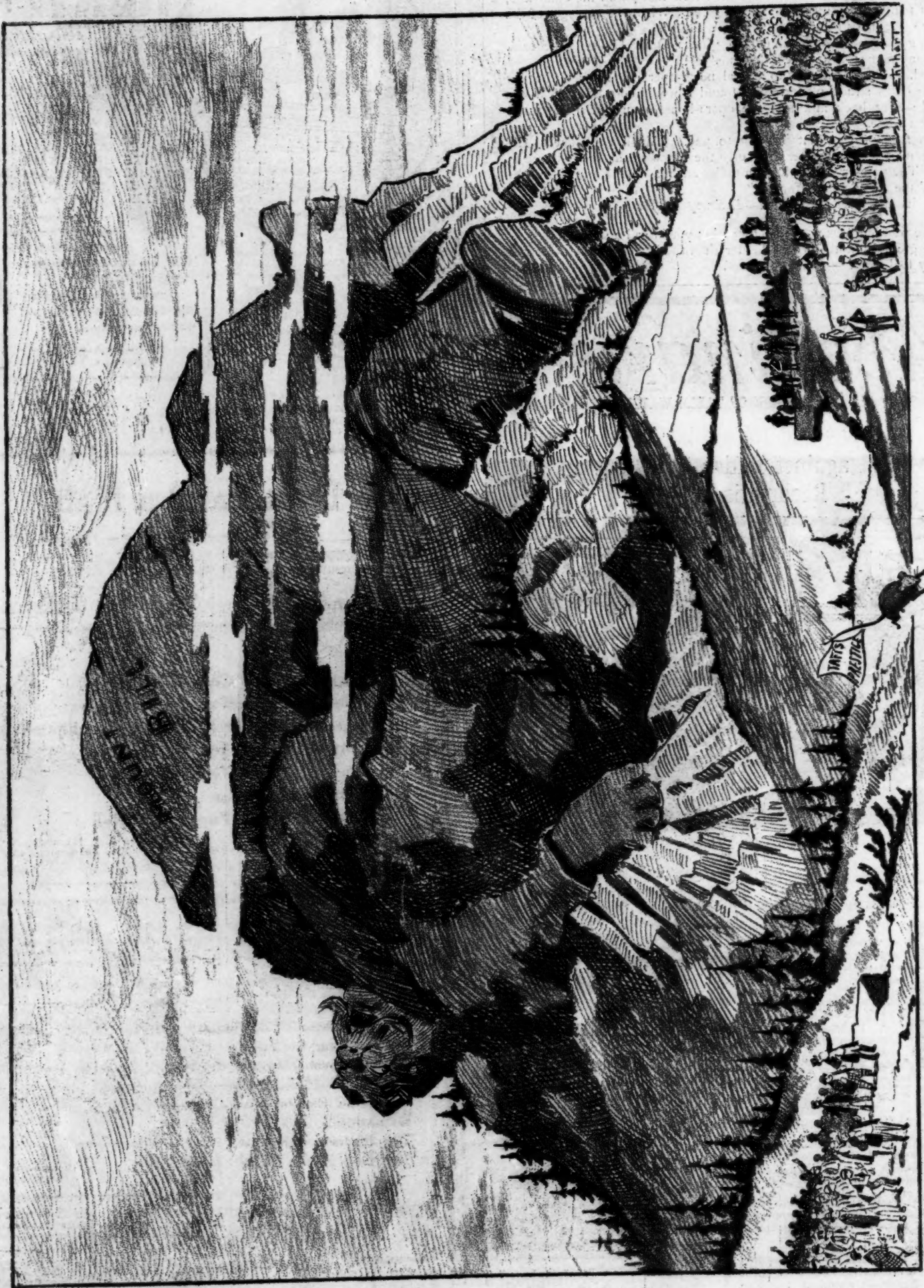
Try Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort.



—*Fliegende Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c. & 80c.
DRUGGISTS.
OR 25 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

A Mountain was once greatly agitated. Loud groans and noises were heard; and crowds of people came from all parts to see what was the matter. While they were assembled in anxious expectation of some terrible calamity, out came a Mouse.

MORAL: Don't make much ado about nothing.

Motor



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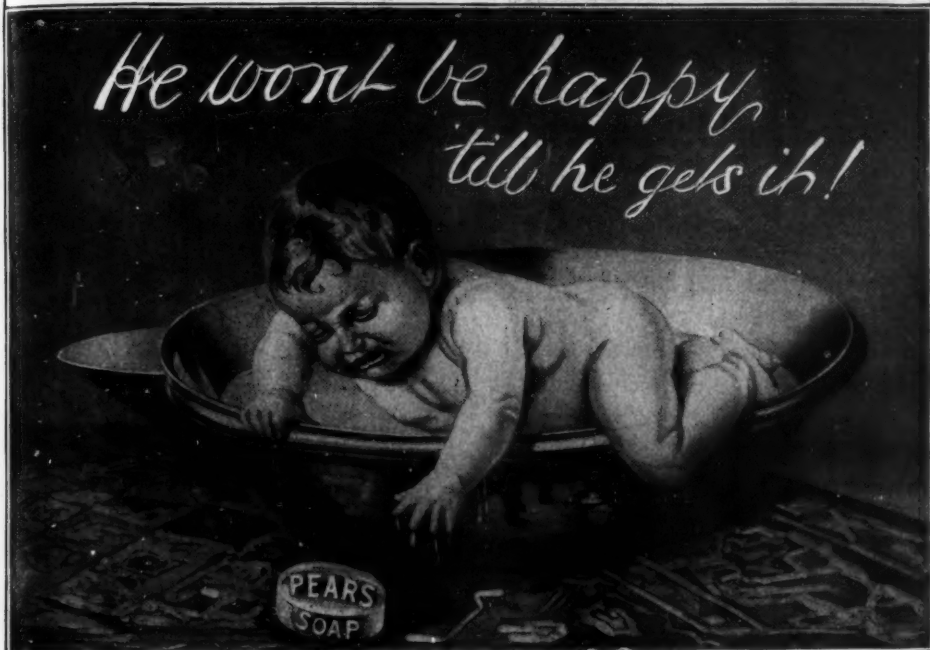
THE M
Use—
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Purch
cents a
for free

OUTI
OUTING
000145 WEST

Who will be the next President ?

*He won't be happy
till he gets it!*



"All rights secured"

EVENING THINGS UP.

"What did Mrs. Kloseman give you for cutting her grass?" asked Tommy's mother.

"Nothin'," replied Tommy.

"Why, she promised you ten cents, didn't she?"

"Yes, but then I used her sickle to do it with, and she charged me ten cents for the use of it."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

CERTAINLY IN.

"Is Mrs. De Brick in?" asked the visitor, calling at the London home of the Suffragette leader.

"Yiss, mum," said Norah. "She's in for six months, mum."—*Harper's Weekly.*

LONG NEEDED.

KNICKER. — So Jones has a great invention?

BOCKER. — Yes. An umbrella handle that retains the finger-prints.—*New York Sun.*

1810 1912

Dates back to Quality Days

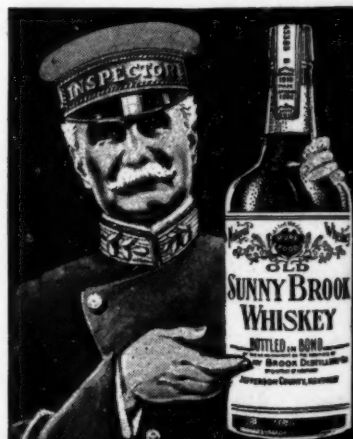
Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

The process of making has not changed in a century — it was an honest product from the first.

Smooth, mellow, fragrant. Aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



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means
PURE Whiskey
*Properly used,
the Best and Most
Healthful tonic known*

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Henry Holman's Pilgrimage—A Serial—M. R. Umberhind
Sidestepping the Sultan—A Serial—Cy Warman
The Five Best Things in the World—Rutledge Bermingham
The Match-Making Bat—Isabel Andrews
The Sand Painter—Will Gage Carey
Kidnapped—Jessie Davies Wilddy
The Miner's Talisman—William Alfred Corey
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"PAPA, what is a barrette?"

"A barrette, my son, is a place where they dispense soft drinks."—*Illinois Siren.*

On Lake George The Sagamore

LAKE GEORGE, the grandest lake in the State of New York, unsurpassed scenery, a marvel in beauty, and the gateway of The Adirondacks.

The Sagamore

meaning "Big Chief," a hotel emphatically unique in arrangement, a place you must see, stay awhile, meet the people and you will not want to leave; contentment will be your lot. Try it, and ask those who have been there. Finest Automobile roads in the section; rest, quietness and plenty to do at the same time.

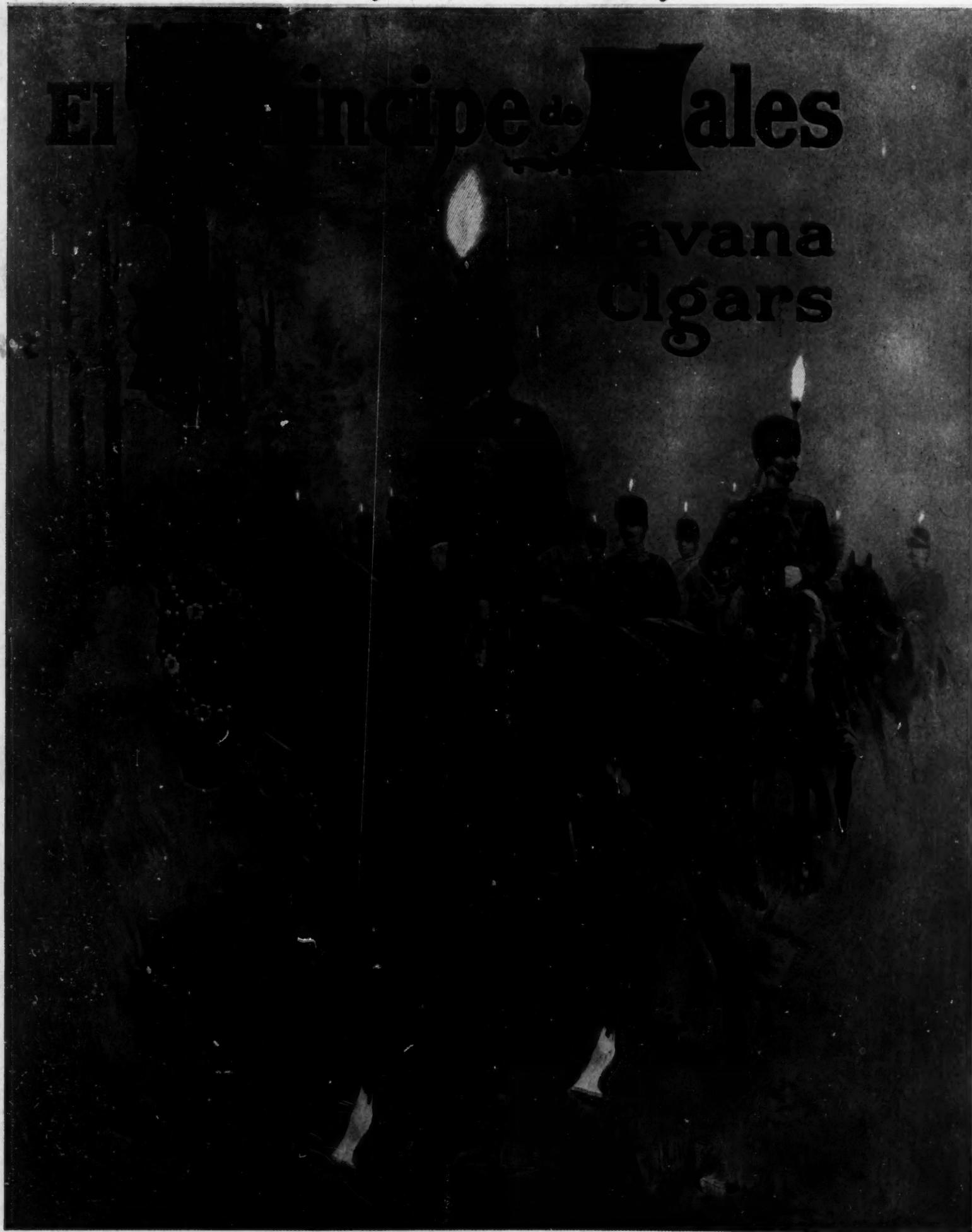
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